ture that the Great Oak had put on the



FIFTEEN MURDERERS CAUGHT BY CAPT.

FORT HANCOCK, Tex., Aug. 6.-Capt' William J. McDonald, commander of a company of Texas Rangers, who recently captured singlehanded three train robbers, is the most noted officer in the Ranger service. He has a record for bravery, coolheartedness and endurance that was probably never excelled by any peace officer

in the West. He is a typical frontiersman. He has many notches on his gun, but they were all put there in the discharge of his duties as an officer of the law. He is as much at home on the floor of the ballroom as he is in a chase after outlaws, although in some of the frontier merrymakings he finds it a little inconvenient to dance on acount of the two big revolvers he always carries in his hip pockets.

Capt. McDonald is never without his guns. In his left holster he carries a big ivory handled .45, and in his right holster is always an automatic, one of those guns which you cannot stop firing when you have once pulled the trigger. until you have thrown it into the river. No matter where he is, these guns are always with him. He sleeps with one of them under his pillow and the other nestled



CAPT. WILLIAM J. M'DONALD.

by his side under the coverlet. That is because his life is in constant danger. Particularly since he began his work of ferreting out the many crimes which have occurred of late in East Texas-he has, unaided, arrested fifteen men charged with murder since Jan. 1 of this yearhis life has been threatened. He has been tired upon from ambush, and white cap threats have been posted upon the door s

he pays no attenti n to the threats. "I expect they will get me one of these times, but they won't do it if I see them first," Capt. McDonald says.

was stopping

Capt. McDonald had a narrow escape from being killed by a fugitive negro convict a few weeks ago while in Polk county.

The Sheriff of the county had asked him to go to a certain lumber camp in search of the fugitive.

When Capt. McDenald arrived at the lumber camp he learned that the negro was in a cabin close by. He rode up to the cabin glanced in and saw the negro. the cabin, glanced in and saw the negro lying on the bed. Capt. McDonald walked boldly into the room and placed the negro under arrest.

under arrest.

The prisoner submitted, apparently unconcerned at his capture, but when he got outside he asked to be permitted to go back after his coat. Capt. McDonald followed him into the room.

The negro had no sconer crossed the threshold than he apparent to the other side.

threshold than he sprang to the other side of the room and picked up a shotgun. He was out of the back door in another instant. Capt. McDonald ran out the front door and darted around the corner of the house.

The moment the fleeing negro caught sight of him he raised the shotgun and was in the act of pulling the trigger when McDonald fired his 45. The bullet went entirely through the negro's body. At the same instant the load of buckshot went over McDonald's head. The negro had involuntarily thrown up his gun when the bullet struck him; that was all that saved

the captain's life.

Capt. McDonald was one of the principals in a duel which took place on the streets of Quanah, Tex., about seven years ago. There is a hole in his left lung almost big enough to stick his fist in, and another in his right side, which are the marks of that conflict. His life hung by a slender thread for many weeks, but his iron will and splending the street of the street o did constitution finally pulled him through. He killed his principal antagonist, Sheriff Joe Matthews of Childress county, in that

conflict.

Capt. McDonald had arrested an alleged embezzler named Beckham in one of the adjoining counties and had taken the prisoner to Quanah and placed him in jail. Sheriff Matthews wanted to get hold of the prisoner and take him back to Childress nty to answer to another charge. He t word to McDonald that Beckham

must be turned over to him.

McDonald refused to give up Beckham, and soon after met Matthews and his two deputies on the sidewalk. They had not exchanged half a dozen words when the

exchanged half a dozen words when the fight opened.

Matthews fired first. His bullet went through McDonald's left lung, but the shock did not floor him. The two men were within ten feet of each other. McDonald's first shot struck a piece of plug tobacco and a thick notebook in the breast pocket of Matthews's coat.

of Matthews's coat.

and a thick notebook in the breast pocket of Matthews's coat.

They fired the second shots almost simultaneously. Matthews was shot through the body and fell to the ground unconscious. McDonald was struck in the right side, the bullet ranging upward and coming out at the back of his neck.

The two deputy sheriffs were also shooting at McDonald at close range, but their bullets went wild. When they saw Matthews fall they turned and ran.

McDonald staggered after them, tugging at the trigger of his pistol, but the cylinder would not work. He said afterward that if the cylinder of his gun had not caught he would have stretched out the two deputies along with Matthews. That was the end of the fight.

A stir was caused throughout the State

A stir was caused throughout the State A sur was caused throughout the state about four years ago by the lynching of two white farmers, James and George Humphry, father and son. The lynching occurred in a remote locality situated in the nertheastern part of the State.

The ocal peace officers failed to appre-

M'DONALD THIS YEAR

hend the lynchers and Gov. Sayers sent McDonald to hunt down the criminals. He asked McDonald how many men he needed. The captain replied that he did

alone.

He went to the locality where the lynching had been committed and his quiet investigation soon placed him in possession of information which implicated several of the information which implicated several of the neighbors of the Humphrys, all prominent farmers, in the crime. He was warned that he would be killed if he remained in that region. He paid no attention to these threats, but devoted his energies to following up the different clues until he had arrested eight of the twelve men who were in the lynching party. He obtained confessions from some of these men and conclusive evidence against the others, and they were all sentenced to life imprisonment.

It was Capt. McDonald who broke up the notorious Reese-Townsend feud, which had caused a number of prominent citizens of Colorado county to be killed. There was a fresh outbreak of the feud about four years ago at Columbus, the county seat of Colorado county.

A killing took place, and the members of the two factions, numbering one hundred or more men on each side, had drawn up in battle array. One faction occupied the court house and the other made their head quarters in a saloon on the opposite side of the street. All were armed with pistols

Gov. Sayers was notified of the situation and requested to send Rangers at once. Capt. McDonald said that he thought he yould not need any assistance in quieting he trouble.

He went to Columbus and walked up the main street of the town. He observed that many of the stores were closed and that men were riding in from the country carrying

were riding in from the country carrying guns and that they joined one or other of the small armies. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly.

Capt. McDonald walked leisurely over to the court house. His .45 and his automatic were in their holsters.

"Boys, it looks like you are fixing for trouble," he said with a smile as he came up to where the crowd was standing.

There was no response to his remark.

"Where's your leader? I want to see him." continued the captain briskly.

continued the captain briskly.

A big man stepped up to the captain and

asked what he wanted.

"My name is McDonald. I belong to the Rangers. The Governor sent me here to stop this business, and I want you boys to help me to do it." "How can we help you?" asked the leader.
"Don't you see them fellows standing across
the street waiting to shoot us down?"

"I'll attend to that crowd all right,"
Capt. McDonald replied. "Now, there is only one way to do this thing, and that is for every one of you men to hand your guns over to me."
This announcement was met with a chorus of objections. horus of objections.

here to prevent trouble, and you've got to give up your guns; that's all there is to it," he continued, and blue fire seemed to leap from his eyes as he glanced from man to man in the crowd. The leader saw the glance, and he had heard of Capt. McDonald.

heard of Capt. McDonald.

"I guess we had better do as he says, boys, provided he will promise to make the other crowd give up theirs."

"I'll attend to that part of the programme," the captain answered, assuringly. The pistols, rifles and shotguns were turned over to Capt. McDonald. He searched every man, to see that no weapons were retained.

He took the big collection of arms and ammunition to a room in the court house

He took the big collection of arms and ammunition to a room in the court house and locked them up. The disarmed crowd remained in the court house, and Capt. McDonald went across the street to the other crowd of the feudists.

The leader was pointed out to him, and the captain went up to the bar of the saloon where he was standing. He introduced himself and stated the purpose of his visit.

The other men gathered around and heard the conversation. There was evidence that

his authority was going to be resisted, and this hostile feeling irritated the captain. "All of you men must give me your guns; if you don't give them up willingly, I'll have to disarm you by force," was his announce-

"The hell you say," said a big, powerful captain. Quick as lightning Capt. McDonald flashed

his 45, and the butt of the heavy weapon fell with full force on the head of the feudist, who dropped to the floor. Before the crowd could realize what had happened Capt. McDonald was standing with his back to the bar and had every man in the room

overed with two guns

covered with two guns

"Now, stack your guns behind the bar
and then walk up here and let me search
you," ordered the captain.

His order was promptly obeyed.

The word soon spread around town that
all the feudists had been disarmed and that
danger of a conflict was over. Business
was resumed, and members of the two
factions met and passed each other on the
streets without fear of being killed. Capt.
McDonald remoined at Columbus for some McDonald remained at Columbus for some

wearisome chases after outlaws. A good many years ago, before Oklahoma Territory was opened for settlement, that strip of country which was then known as No Man's

country which was then known as No Man's
Land was the rendezvous for horse and
cattle thieves.

McDonald got on the trail of a horsethief in the Panhandle of Texas on one
occasion, and determined to follow him
until he effected his capture. He trailed
the outlaw for nearly four hundred miles
through the Panhandle and into No Man's One day about noon Capt. McDonald

came to a camp and saw five men sitting around the fire. He recognized one of the men as the outlaw he was after.

He rode up to the camp and asked for a cup of coffee. He told the men that he belonged to so-and-so's cow outfit. This quieted their suspicions and he was invited to dismount and share their dinner with

The captain threw the bridle rein over

The captain threw the bridle rein over his arm and walked over to where the men were standing. With a quick movement he grabbed the arms of the outlaw and clapped the handcuffs on his wrists.

The other men did not know what had happened until they looked up and saw their companion standing with his hands linked together and Capt. McDonald with a pistol covering them. All of the men were disarmed and the outlaw was placed on his stolen horse and tied in the saddle.

When he was ready to depart Capt. McDonald returned to the four other men their guns. He brought the prisoner back

their guns. He brought the prisoner back to Texas.

"All of the men were probably outlaws,

but I trusted to their honor not to kill me when I returned them their guns," the captain said afterward.

The latest long pursuit made by Capt.

McDonald after outlaws took place about a year ago. He got after a bunch of cattle thieves in the Panhandle and followed them for more than three hundred miles. He

for more than three hundred miles. He finally overtook them near Norman, Okla.. and arrested three of them.

Every part of west Texas is familiar to Capt. McDonald. It is said of him that he can follow a trail blindfolded. He is a dead shot with a pistol or rifle. So accurate is his shooting that he does all of his deer hunting with a 45 callibra revolver.

hunting with a .45 calibre revolver Graduated and Wed in Six Hours.

From the Omaha Bee.

The transformation from a sweet girl graduate to a blushing bride was a matter of only six hours for Miss Mary Grass of Trinidad, Col. She received her diploma from St. Mary's School in Knozvije ill., at noon, June 8, and at 6 o'clock she was wedden to Bertram Rhodes, also of Trinidad, in the chapel of the school. Her classmates were her bridesmadts.

PIOUS TAVERN'S BOOM DAYS.

BISHOP'S DEDICATION BRINGS A RUSHING BUSINESS.

Three Bartenders Busy Selling Drinks and Standing Off the Irreverent Jokers-Prices Cheap and Quality Good, According to All the Experts.

A few weeks ago the dirty-red brick building at the southeast corner of Bleecker and Mulberry streets was one of the most uninteresting places in the five boroughs. It was so hopelessly dreary that even he dark faced gamins from lower down on Mulberry street took no joy in playing about its front steps.

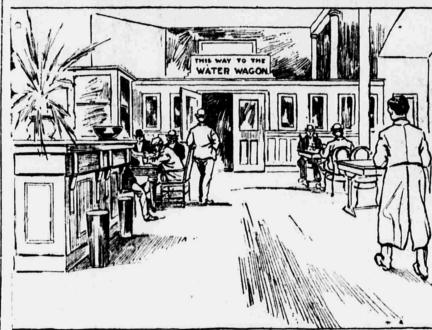
But that was before Joe Johnson, the Great Oak of the Order of Acorns, coneived the brilliant idea of locating there is Subway Tavern. Now the kids of Mulberry street are singing with Raymond Hitchcock:

tables. But the dispensers of liquids bear their sorrow calmly and content them-selves with this bit of philosophy, voiced by a publican near Houston street: "There's room enough in this busines for all, and as soon as the bloomin' novelty wears off the joint, why, it will be just like

all the rest of the ginmills, and we'll get all the rest of the ginmills, and we'll get back whatever trade we've lost."
Certain it is that the tavern did not make a very noticeable hit with folks in general until Bishop Potter journeyed down from Cooperstown on Tuesday to give hic Episcopal approval to the Subway. The place had run along for a couple of weeks and had just about paid expenses. But there was an air of cheerfulness withal, that was partially accounted for one day when one of the barkeeps remarked in a confidential way to a customer:

way to a customer:
"We're going to have Bishop Potter
down here Tuesday to dedicate this place
as a poor man's club. Then you'll see a

change."
"Quit your joshing," said the customer.
But the barkeep knew what he was talking about, although it surprised the town when the Bishop appeared with Joe Johnson



THE SALOON.

"Ain't it funny what a difference just a ew hours make? All day long from the freshly painted

ouilding the music of clinking glasses and clanging cash register brings wrath to the nearts of the publicans of the Bowery whose opnion of the Bishop of New York is sinking ower and lower. All day there is a constant stream of the thirsty into the tavern. Automobiles puff up to the door. Hansom cabs await the pleasure of throatparched fares. Lumbering brewery wagons arrive burdened with a mountain of beer in kegs and depart with another nountain of kegs without beer. Business is rushing at the Subway.

But it took the Bishop of New York to do all this, and over at the Subway they don't ntend that any one shall forget that the head of the Episcopal diocese sang a hymn over the bottles. In front of the main entrance there is put out every day a freshly

Yes: This is the Saloon Dedicated by Bishop Potter. You are Welcome.

The other day when one of the barkeeps at the place came to work he was a bi startled when he glanced at the blackboard and read:

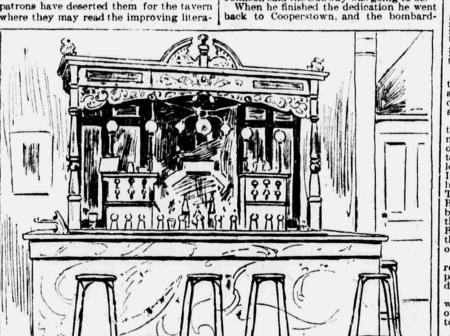
Yes: This Is Bishop Potter's Ginmill. Come In. You Are All Welcome.

The barkeep had reason to suspect that the change was made by one of the aggrieved saloonkeepers from the Bowery, because over in that thoroughfare, unblessed and unsanctified as they are, their trade has fallen off. Many of their oldest patrons have deserted them for the tavern

and a few other promoters of the place, made a little speech commending the idea, took a seat at one of the tables in the bar and assisted in the singing of Old Hundred.

Then the Bishop, following Joe Johnson, made a little speech, in which he said that he was particularly interested in the place

because it was to be run not as a money making venture. He said he did not want to go into the broad and complicated ques-tion of Government ownership of saloons. and he devoted most of his time to praising the idea of a poor man's club such as Joe Johnson said the Subway was going to be.



THE SODA FOUNTAIN.

oratory

PULPIT AND ROSTRUM. Bible Banging of Old Times Has Passed but Political Hammering Remains.

"In the matter of oratory I do not know which has the better of it, the pulpit or the rostrum," said a New York man who witnetted the doings of the recent conventions in Chicago and St. Louis. "I am a churchgoer. I take in all denomi nations.

"I do not know how it is in the smaller towns, but my observation is that the day of slamming and banging in the city pulpit has passed. I could name more than a score of the ecclesiastical big guns of New York who scarcely move their feet when they preach.

"As for gestures, most of them never tire their arms, and their bodies when they are preaching are as straight as the steeples which mark their places of worship. Looking at their congregations, estimating the work of their parishes and districts, one would conclude that this soporific style is

would conclude that this soporific style is the sort that the people want.

"Twenty-five years ago the preacher who did not wear out the flooring of his pulpit and develop the muscles of his arms in delivering his sermon would have hard work to hold his job. One of the greatest evangelists of his time, the late Mr. Moody, banged the binding of the Bible until it lost its gloss.

"His successor, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, who has just accepted a pastorate in London, is the opposite of Moody in pulpit manners. He sways his body and has a peculiar gesture of the hands, but he stands on a space no bigger than his shirt front, and yet he seems to have plenty of room.

"In the good old days, before the sanctuaries were lighted by gas or electricity, it was not unusual for the preacher in his gyrations to knock over the pulpit lamps or candlesticks. But those were the days when. as one of our New York preachers

said to me the other day, 'It was necessary to grab a sinner by the hair of his head and hold him over the grates of hell until the flames blistered his feet.' Now the unregenerate soul is brought to repentance by calculus.

"The political orator who is effective still

beats the tomtom and unwinds the at-mosphere at which he clutches. I heard Mr. Root at Chicago and then Uncle Joe Cannon, and after him ex-Gov. Black. make no comparisons, but it was the good camp meeting style of Uncle Joe the

stirred the aggregation.

"In St. Louis, Williams's shafts of satire and Champ Clark's shaggy manner and Bryan's windmill style were the only things in the speech line that pleased the delegates. The voice of the cultured Daniel, always

The voice of the cultured Daniel, always modulated to soothe the ear of the listener, was scarcely heard.

"Of course he only read, but his pleasing personality and rich Southern flavor of speech failed to raise the wind of enthusiasm. Our Bourke Cockran is an example in oratory of the style in demand.

"Now, why is it that if you want to win a man's vote you must do it by storm, whereas if you want to save a man's soul—to use the clerical expression—you must but him in clerical expression—you must put him in cold storage and turn on the frigid draught? Or, to come down to brass tacks, why is there such a difference in pulpit and rostrum

Promise of Big Chestnut Crop.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. "Next fall will see the biggest chestnut

"Next fall will see the biggest chestnut crop ever made," said H. J. McGuffin, who travels over the country inspecting the chestnut trees. He is a hat drummer, but chestnuts are his favorite of all the nuts which grow in the forest.

"My home is in New York State, and I have travelled over it in a buggy during the past three weeks. The chestnut trees are loaded with burrs, and I never saw such a fine chance for a magnificent yield of nuts. I am foolishly fond of chestnuts and have been since my boyhood. Every year I buy a large quantity, and toward the end of the winter it is a race between me and the worms to see which will get the last one of the lot."

"Gimme a Potter eyeopener."
"That'll be about all of that," remarked the barkeep shortly. "You guys who think you are funny never know when to leave

THE SUBWAY TAVERN

ment of letters and telegrams from the scandalized began. Some told him he wasn't much of a Bishop, anyway. Others went further and pointed out in detail how grievously he had sinned, according to the views of the writers. In this city, as well as in others all over the country the

as in others all over the country the Bishop's presence at the dedication has started discussions and arguments of the

But it all advertised the Subway, and the

receipts have gone up by leaps and bounds.
Before the coming of the Bishop but one
barkeeper was needed in the hard stuff
room. Now there are three.
Visitors who like their little jokes plain.

hottest kind.

off."

"No. I'm dead serious," said the customer. "I'll give you a prescription for the dose if you don't know how to make it. Anyway, you ain't much of a barkeep if you can't mix up a Potter cocktail in the Bishop's own place."

He handed over the bar a sheet of paper on which this was written:

There was nothing left for the barkeeper to do but to mix up the Potter eyeopener according to the prescription. Now the drink bids fair to become the most popular

drink bids fair to become the most popular at the Subway.

To the eye of the casual observer the tavern, except for the water wagon attachment, which occupies the small front room of the place, and in which soda water, coffee, tea and soft drinks of many sorts are sold, looks just about as any other saloon would. In the barroom, of large size, there is a long bar running half the length of the room. This is covered most of the time since the Bishop boomed the place with schooners of beer, highballs, rickeys, cocktails and all the other drinks known in the business. Behind the bar are the familiar shelves, with the familiar array of glassware and bottles the familiar array of glassware and bottles of whiskey, brandy and liqueurs. A dozen tables, provided with secular and

religious publications, are at the disposal of patrons, where they may sit and sip their drinks, and read if they care to.

On the walls are original drawings by well known artists. A few palms and pots of flowers give a pleasant touch of greenery to the barroom

to the barroom.

The quality of the booze is excellent, if The quality of the booze is excellent, if the patrons of experience may be believed. Neither is there any reason to quarrel with the quantity. Highballs and straight whiskey, as well as fizzes of gin, are sold for it cents, instead of the usual price of 15 cents. The beer is at the poor man's price of 5 cents. price of 5 cents.

WEIRD STORY FROM IRELAND. Man Disinters the Body of Young Woman Whom He Loved. From the London Mirror

Quite recently, at Waterford, a pretty and fascinating young lady, who was very popular in the town, fell ill and died. Her death occasioned general regret. She had many friends, and a large number followed her remains to the cemetery. The last rites were said and all returned to their homes, dear to them. An extraordinary sequel occurred

peasant farmer, living in the vicinity of the cemetery, rose early next morning to go to peasant farmer, living in the vicinity of the cemetery, rose early next morning to go to his work. Happening to look over the wall of the cemetery, he was astonished to see a man on his knees beside the newly filled in grave. The peasant watched and saw him feverishly scraping away the earth with his hands, not looking aside for one moment.

The onlooker remained with his eyes fixed on the strange sight. To his amazement the mysterious visitor continued his grewsome task with unabated vigor, until presently the coffin was laid bare. Then, with the aid of an iron implement, the man forcibly wenched off the lid.

The climax in the weird drama had been the stranger who had so wantonly disregarded the stranger who had so wantonly disregarded the stranger who had so wantonly disregarded the lid, afterward proceeding to fill in the earth over the coffin again.

Meanwhile, however, the authorities had been informed of the occurrence, and the police arrived and arrested the extraordinary intruder. He was taken to the police station and formally charged.

In his possession was found a telegram, handed in at Waterford, and delivered to him at Bristol, telling him of the death of the young lady. It appeared that on receipt of the news he took his passage immediately for Waterford and, on arriving, repaired to the graveside.

When arrested he said: "They thought they could prevent me seeing her, but they were mistaken." He was taken before the Magistrate, who committed him to an asylum.

STORIES OF DOGS. Faithful Dog's Long Watch.

From the Los Angeles Times. When Miss Bonnie V. Lynn returned from her rural mail delivery route on Tuesday she was much surprised at the non-appearance of her faithful old dog Tracey, which always

accompanies her on her rounds. Diligent search and inquiry developed nothing as to the whereabouts of the faithful companion. The members of the Lynn household were grieved by the absence the favorite canine, which was regarded almost as one of the family. They were confident that nothing short of death or imprison-ment could prevent Tracey from returning to

Yesterday, when Miss Lynn was again covering her route, she was surprised, upon stopping to deposit some letters in a box, to find the lost dog lying near the place, faithfully guarding an empty envelope that she had dropped on the ground the day be-

For twenty-four hours Tracey had kept vigil over this envelope, evidently realizing the responsibility that rested upon his mistress and believing the preservation of the envelope was of vital importance.

During this long watch the dumb animal had neither food nor water, and not until the envelope was picked up would it desert its

Collie Drives Off Crows and Hawks. From the Lewiston Journal.

On a farm in Sangerville is a year-old Scotch collie which has taken upon herself the general oversight of things. No crow or hawk can alight on the place and remain any longer than it takes her to get to it, neither are the hens and geese al-

lowed to go beyond their bounds. The in-telligence that she exhibits is wonderful, and it is safe to say that no offer could tempt her owner to part with her. Dog Died With His Master. From the Philadelphia Record. Lying side by side, Alexander Perot of

Sixteenth and Wolf streets and his faithful dog were both found dead yesterday by his daughter. Perot had been ill for some time, and it is believed that while temporarily insame as a result of the sickness ha determined on suicide and turned on the gas. The faithful dog refused to leave his master and both

ell victims to the deadly fumes. Dog No Match for Woodchuck

have done a good deal to sour the disposi-tion of the three lately. They will insist on "Doxology cocktails" and "Potter high-balls," and other mixtures calculated to offend the unhumorous clerks. The other day one of these came in with an order like this: From the Bangor News. It is unusual to see a woodchuck drive takes to his hole, to be dilg out by the dog. who was on a drive through the back towns of Phillips the other day, and after driving off all the hens from the farms along the road he came upon a woodchuck near the road. He barked with joy at the sight of

that strange animal, and with one leap he landed in front of the woodchuck. Then he stopped—there was something in the woodchuck's eye that indicated that there might be serious trouble. The dog discovered it and backed away to safety. and, strange to state, the woodchuck followed him: followed him until the poetry was all out of the experience and the fun was all gone. Finally the dog acknowledged his de-

A Chinese Dog Story.

From the London World.

A Chinaman had three dogs. When he came home one evening he found them asleep on his couch of teakwood and marble. He

feat by dropping his tail and starting for

whipped the dogs and drove them forth.

The next night when the man came home the dogs were lying on the floor. But he placed his hand on the couch and found it warm from their bodies. Therefore he whipped the dogs again. The third night, returning home a little earlier than usual he found the dogs sitting before the couch

lowing on it to cool it

Terrier, Stick and Paling Fence. John Burroughs, in Harper's Magazine. Lloyd Morgan relates at some length the experiments he tried with his fox terrier, fony, trying to teach him how to bring a stick through a fence with vertical palings.
The spaces would allow the dog to pass through, but the palings caught the ends of the stick which the dog carried in his mouth.
When his master encouraged him he pushed
Thrown on his own resources, the youngthe stick which the dog carried in his mouth. and struggled vigorously. Not succeeding he went back, lay down, and began gnawing

the stick. Then he tried again, and stuck as before, but by a chance movement of his head to one side finally got the stick through. master patted him approvingly and sent him stick again. Again he seized it by the middle and of course brought up against the palings. After some struggles he dropped it and came through without it. Then, en through, seized the stick and tried to pull it hrough, dancing up and down in his endeavors. Time after time and day after day the experiment was repeated, with prac-

tically the same results. The dog never mastered the problem. could not see the relation of that stick to the opening in the fence. One time he worked and tugged three minutes trying to pull the stick al conception of the problem or had thought bout it at all, a single trial would have convinced him as well as a dozen trials. Mr. Morgan tried the experiment with dogs with like result. When they did get stick through it was always by chance.

Wild Dogs of Central Africa.

From the Chicago News. The wild dog of central Africa, an plorer writes, is common enough. He is an ugly looking beast, with a body, coarse hair, short head and large up-right ears. These wild dogs play fearful havoc with game, occasionally clearing out whole districts precisely in the same manner as the red dhole of India, before which even the tiger is said to retreat.

They have a wonderful power of scent, wonderful boldness, endurance and pertinacity, and their loose, easy gallop covers the ground far more quickly than it appears to do. They usually hunt in considerable packs, although I have sometimes met them in threes and fours. I have never heard of wild dogs actually attacking man, but they often behave as if on the point of doing so. and unarmed travellers have been literally treed by them before now.

Died Giving Alarm of Fire

From the Boston Globe. The heroism of a dog, a plain story of not uncommon animal intelligence which is not without its pathos, has aroused the interest of Somerville residents who almost overlook the magnitude of the service rendered in Jack, a pet by day and a watchman by man, a druggist in Magoun Square.

Between 12:30 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning, the height of Jack's vigil, there occurred a fire in Mr. Bowman's store, due, it is believed, to spontaneous combustion. Jack was alive to it in a twinkling. With smake. He was helpless, though not without was all he could give and he gave it. Leaping about, pawing madly at the front door and lifting his tones with all his strength,

Above the store where there are tenements occupied by ten persons in all, the cries of Jack gave first warning of the danger that lay beneath. Before the smoke had pene-trated through the floors, every one of the sleepers had been aroused and hurried to a place of safety.

Meantime Jack had not ceased his efforts. His yelps, though not as frequent and as loud as at first, showed him mindful of his duty. which burst out was almost unbearable Jack lay on the floor, dead. Suffocated, the

NOT ONLY IN RAGTIME HAVE THEY SCORED SUCCESSES.

In the Colored Colony Here Are Men of Education Who Are Turning Out

Good Work-Popular Songs as Pot Botlers-England's Great Composer.

Time was when "coon songs," whether of he old plantation variety or the modern, ragtime kind, were written by white men, but a great change has come about in the last few years. The negro composer has now almost a monopoly of ragtime and is reaching out into more classical work. and there has hardly been a musical play in the last two or three years which hasn't contained one or more songs by negroes.

Some of this work is done by negro sketch teams, who write their own songs on the road, make them popular and collect the royalties when they are published. But most of it comes from the negro quarter of New York, where a dozen composers make their headquarters. Most of these men are musicians of edu-

cation and high musical ideals. If pinned down to it, they admit that they write ragtime not so much for the love of the thing as because it pays. Take Cole and the Johnson brothers, for example. They have on their list a long

string of ragtime successes. Yet, of the three authors two are university men one of them a master of arts-and the third is a finished student of music. The Johnson brothers come from Florida. Sons of a Baptist minister, they entered Atlanta University to work their way through. Rosamond Johnson had the

musical bee in his bonnet, so he cut loose after a time and entered the New England Conservatory of Music, where he studied for three years. James Johnson stayed with his books and was graduated with honors. He became principal of the Colored High School at Jacksonville, Fla., and in his odd moments he wrote for various publications.

and has had poems and short stories in the big magazines. Cole was also at Atlanta University, where in the college glee club he learned that he had talent for the stage. He drifted into a minstrel show, and from there into Black Patti Troubadours. All that time, he had been struggling with composi-tion, but he was handicapped by lack of

tion, but he was handrapped by lack of technical knowledge.

One day in Boston he ran against Rosamond Johnson, who had decided that he had had about enough of the Conservatory. Together they patched up a song or two, threw an act together, and played the varieville circuit for two or three years. Then, one summer, Kosamond Johnson went South for a vacation and found his brother James working on the libretto of a comic opera. comic opera. Rosamond liked the idea and set music

to it. James became so enthusiastic that he threw up his job and came to New York with the manuscript under his arm.
"We didn't sell it," says James Johnson,
"at least not then; we have been selling it in stove lengths ever since. We've got the libretto yet, and we're thinking of putting in a new set of songs and trying again."

Now Cole and the Johnson brothers have a bank account of which wonderful stories are told in the negro quarter. They are taking care of their parents, and two Johnson sistem are in college now, all on the

proceeds of ragtime. At its commencement last June, Atlanta University conferred upon James Johnson the honorary degree of Master of Atts. the honorary degree of Master of Atts. This was not in recognition of his achievement in ragtime, but of his articles in the negro publications. Last year he intered Columbia University, where he is working for a Ph. D. degree in comparative

working for a rh. D. degree in comparative literature.

Another negro composer is Will Marion Cook, who has been in London with "In Dahomey," for which he wrote most of the songs. He comes from Washington. His father was a prosperous man. The loy wowed an early bent for music and was thorough education in the even a thorough education in it. He udied the violin and harmony under Ovorak, and finished off with a course under

er began to write ragtime. in for whole scores rather than single songs.

The scores of "The Southerners," most of the songs in "The Casino Girl" and "Chlorinda, or the Origin of the Cakewalk," are his. He is another composer who has made it per on the other extreme is Al Johns, who

On the other extreme is Al Johns, who hasn't any musical education at all, but a wonderful memory and ear. He composes his songs, gets them fixed in his head, and then plays them off to some other musician, who puts the score on paper. While Rosamond Johnson, the scholarly musician, writes ragtime, Johns, the natural musician, goes in for the classical. His reputation rests mostly on ballads, like "The After-while" and "The Darling of My Dreams." Once, needing the money, he burst into Once, needing the money, he be ever got from all his ballads, with "Go Way Back and Sit Down" ack and Sit Down."
Williams and Walker are better known as

Williams and Walker are better known as actors and managers than as composers, but they write a part of the music for their own songs. In that same class of actor-composers is Ernest Hogan, who set the whole country singing his "All Coons Look Alike to Me." He is also responsible for "The Phrenologist Coon."

Irving Jones, in the same class, wrote "Get Your Money's Worth" and "I'm Livin' Easy," and Shepard Edmonds is responsible for "I'm Goin' to Live Anyhow Till I Die." Smith and Bowman wrote "Good Mornin', Carrie," and McPherson and Brown wrote "Josephine, My Jo."

Harry T. Burleigh is called by the others of his race and trade "our best read musician." He is a singer as well as a composer, and has kept entirely out of ragtime although he has written one negro song "Sleep, Little Chile, Co Sleep," "Joan" and "Hi—O," a drinking song, are two of his compositions. Schumann-Heink and Bispham are singing his ballads on their concert tours. He has ambitions toward oratorio.

Others in the New York group of comothers in the New York group of composers are Will Tyers, who wrote the "Tracha March," which had a run in the Spanish war; Will Dixon, John Europe, Willis Accoo, Harry Wellman and Harry Brown.
Will Dixon hit town from Chicago with a hard luck story. When the ragtime craws booming he bethought himself of seeral songs which he had made up "out his head" to sing to the neighbors. He we

over to him several times.

"Do you think there's anything in them?"
asked Dixon.

"Not much," said the white man, "they'll hardly do." So Dixon gave it up. But hardly do." So Dixon gave it up. But two or three months later along came his

two or three months later along came his songs to the music store, published under another name.

Drifting round the country this year in a road show is the negro who wrote "My Grandfather's Clock." This is old Sam Lucas, now starring the West in "The Moonshiner's Daughter." He is also the author of "Carve Dat Possum."

The most famous negro composer of popular songs was Gussie L. Davis, now dead. And he never wrote a negro song at least not one that made a hit. He belonged to the era of the "story song." "The Lighthouse by the Sea," "The Fatal Westiding," and "The Baggage Coach Ahr. d." were his. He was a performer, too, and used to sing his own songs.

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The great composer of the negro race isn't claimed by America. He is S. Coleridge-Taylor of England, who was born in Africa. Taylor of England, who was porn in Arrest and is half Scotch and half native. Oratorio is his specialty. "The Atonement" is his best known long work. He has written also "Hiawatha," not the late popular also "Hiawatha," have annual of that name. "By two-step, but a cantata of that name. "By the Waters of Babylon," an anthem often heard in American churches, is his also. He teaches in the Royal Conservatory. There is a possibility that he may visit New York next winter. "The only master we have," the negro musicians say of Colo-

